PS 1122
.B75 W3
1899
Copy 1

NOV 14 1899 NOV 14 1899

Wayside... Blossoms...

Wayside Blossoms.

C. E. S. BREWSTER.

COPYRIGHTED 1899
BY C. E. S. BREWSTER
AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER,
MONTROSE, PA.

PS1128
.B75W3
1899

56142

To the Women of America who are patiently toiling along "Life's Wearisome Way," this little book is affectionately dedicated.

SECOND COPY.

70220
Oct. 28. '99.

TWILIGHT.

There's a calmness that comes with the twilight
We feel at no other hour,
An influence floating around us
That holds us with mystical power.

And it steals o'er our spirit as gently
As a breath from a soft zephyr blown;
And it brings us such peace and contentment,
As we sit in the gloaming alone.

We forget all the cares and the turmoil
That have crowded our life through the day;
And Thought goes a roaming in Dreamland,
Whilst Fancy holds despotic sway.

And faces come crowding around us
That long since had passed from our sight;
But they come to us now in the twilight,
With the deepening shadows of night.

And the faces, dim outlined and misty,
Seem to beckon us back through the years;
And again we're a child, free and happy,
Though our eyelids are heavy with tears.

And we wander through woods as in childhood
And search for the flowers blooming first,
E'er the brown waving branches above us
Into emerald beauty have burst.

And we hear the sharp crackle and rustle
Of twigs and brown leaves 'neath our feet;
And the fragrance of earth and sweet blossoms,
Make the charm of our senses complete.

And we wander again in the meadows
And search for the strawberries red;
Whilst the butter cups, daisies and clover,
Nod gracefully over our head.

Or else in some nook cool and shady
We're dreaming the hours away;
Whilst wafted on breeze warm and lazy,
Comes the scent of the newly mown hay.

And the bobolink skims o'er the grasses
And pours out his soul in his song;—
Oh! the days of a summer in childhood,
How wondrously happy and long!

And then with our gay young companions
We walk by the shores of the lake,
And search neath the leaves of the laurel
For the tender young winter-greens' sake.

Or we float on the smooth placid waters,
And gleefully laugh, as the sound
Of our voices in loud happy chorus
Make the woods with deep echoes resound.

And the lilies! those fragrant pond lilies!
With hearts of the yellowest gold,
And petals of pure waxy whiteness,
What a charm for our senses they hold!

And then in the years that come later,
We're walking in love's happy dream,
Till a whispering phantom beside us
Tells us things are not now what they seem.

And the faces that crowded our fancy,
The grave long has claimed for its own—
They have flown like the years that have vanished,
And I sit in the gloaming alone.

But the gloom of the grave and its sadness
Have lost, o'er our spirit, their power—
There's a calmness that comes with the twilight
We feel at no other hour.

The Last Roll.

'Tis the thickest of the battle,
And the bullets flying fast,
Make many a gallant soldier feel
That moment is his last.

And the air is thick and heavy
With the smoke and dust of fray;
And the rattle of the muskets
Fill the stoutest with dismay.

But above that din of battle,
And above its roar and hum,
What is it gives them courage?
'Tis the beating of the drum.

And the men are nerved to action
As they hear that stirring beat;
Though the earth be strewn with dying
That have fallen neath their feet.

And each heart beats high and hopeful
As that dear familiar roll
Seems to speak to them of victory,
As it thrills each manly soul.

And that valiant little drummer.
Though but a boy, is brave
As he who shoulders musket,
His country's life to save.

All day, though worn and weary,
He has kept himself in file—
Not once has stopped his drumming,
Himself to rest awhile.

But hark! the music falters!
He has fallen in the fight!
And many a stern old veteran
Feels a dimness of the sight.

And as the smoke of battle
Shuts the sun light from the day;
So his stroke grows fainter—fainter,
As his life's blood ebbs away.

"What can I do to help you?"
A pitying comrade cries;
And to his tearful question
The drummer boy replies:

"Comrade, you cannot help me;
I'm beyond the reach of man;
But pour the bullets at them!
And I'll drum as best I can."

And when the battle's over
They find him white and cold,
But in those stiffened fingers
The drumsticks yet, behold.

And though his weeping comrades
Cannot hear their gentle beat;
He is drumming for the Angels
As they walk the golden street.

And we're sure he's earned the plaudit
Of "A Faithful Duty Done,"
That he wears a crown of glory
Which with honor here he's won.

——o——

Tobacco.

Young man, beware! In yonder weed
The pestilence of death doth breed;
Its subtle poison steals away
The noblest manhood of the day;
And many of its thousands slain—
All may be lost, there is no gain.

Come! walk with me this filthy street,
Unfit to tread by christian feet;
Made loathsome by the foulest weed
That ever grew from nature's seed,
Its taint fills all the air around,
No place of purity is found.

The breath from yonder low saloon
Is worse than Egypt's fell simoon.
And yet men deem it blameless, wise,
To choke our breath, and blind our eyes—
Ah, yes! These men so coarse and rough
Delight to see us cough and puff.

Step lightly o'er the pools of juice
Distilled by man to our abuse;
And whilst distilling loses wealth,
The power of intellect and health—
Ah, deep the penalty he pays;
A pauper's lot or shortened days.

And here a savage stands erect
In paint and tinsel gayly decked;
His iron hand he keeps outstretched
To entertain each welcome guest;
This emblem seems most fit indeed
For those who use the filthy weed.

Ah, yes, the sculptor well has wrought,
For in each line a lesson's taught
To those who see and read aright,
The lesson taught by yon vile sight.

See yonder shaking palsied man!
See yonder face so pale and wan!
And breathe the breath of this poor sot—
The poison's mixed that he hath got;
He took the noxious weed at first,
And then the drink to quench his thirst,
Ah, terrible the work thus wrought;
And terrible the lesson taught;
Yet many heedless pass it by
And say 'tis not for such as I!
My will is strong to break the chain,
It ne'er o'er me such power will gain!
But when too firmly bound, they find
The power of habit over mind,
They cry too late! My friend beware
How thou art caught within the snare!
Thinkest thou that love could stoop to sip
From yonder stained polluted lip?
Aye! Turn away with deep disgust
And take the weed now if you must;
Methinks would scarce beguile away
The scenes we've witnessed here to-day.

But if perchance the lesson's lost—
Or thou hast reckoned not the cost—
One word my friend, before we part;
Deep may it sink within thine heart.
If thou wouldst follow out God's plan
And in His image be a man—
If thou wouldst cleanly be and pure
And make thy hope of Heaven sure;
Oh, turn thou from that filthy weed
Where pestilence of death doth breed!
Oh, turn, as from some reptile vile
That fascinates yet kills the while—
And thou mayst never curse the day
That found thee caught within its sway.

——o——

The Two Conquests.

On arid plain, 'neath burning sun,
With flash of steel and boom of gun,
'Mid dust and smoke, and dying groan
Of heroes slain like grass that's mown,
A chieftan stands with sword in hand
And urges on his fainting band.
Since early morn they've bravely fought

And naught but desolation wrought—
Yet once again he shouts command—
His courage thrills the little band—
Thrice beaten back—thrice surging on—
They gain the wall—the victory's won.
And loud they shout their chieftan's name
And loud the victory proclaim.
Ah, proudly steps that chieftan now,
Whilst laurels deck the noble brow—
Nor thinks he of the thousands slain
On yonder ghastly burning plain.

A lonely attic, old and bare,
That gives no comfort, has no care;
An empty grate—a heap of straw—
A winter's night that's bleak and raw—
A wretched man is kneeling there
In earnest, agonizing prayer—
The beaded drops are standing now
On pallid lips and knotted brow—
His trembling form sways to and fro
Like broken reeds when storm winds blow;
And all the burden of his prayer
Is, "Save me from the tempter's snare."
From eve till morn he wrestled there,
With none to see and none to care—

No noble band to help him win
The conquest over death and sin—
No noble band! Do I mistake?
For just as dawn begins to break,
And when at last the victory's given,
The Angels shout—there's joy in Heaven.

Ah, he receives the crown of state
Who conquers self, not cities great.

—o—

The Doctor's Horse.

Old Frank lives on a pension;
There's naught for him to do
But gaze at the skies
With far off eyes,
And meditate—and chew.

He lives like all that's aged
In days that long are past;
And things that seem
Are but a dream
Of things that do not last.

And now he's swiftly flying
O'er country roads again,
As the doctor speeds
To the urgent needs
Of weak and suffering men.

And now he is homeward plodding
As slow as a funeral knell;
For the Doctor's asleep,
Or in reverie deep,
As the old horse knows full well.

And now old Frank is lonesome,
He's pawing in the stall;
Then he whinnies low
For the master's slow,
Then harks for the master's call.

But the dear old weary Doctor
At last has peaceful sleep
Where none can molest
Or break on his rest—
Or wake from his slumber deep.

The Doctor's son—God bless him—
Has thought for old Frank's need;
Now Frank has rest,
And the softest nest,
And the very best of feed.

Ah yes, old Frank's in clover;
There's naught for him to do
But gaze at the skies
With far off eyes,
And meditate—and chew.

—o—

By and By.

Have you heard of Baby Eda?
Though not three summers quite,
She seemed for all the household
To be the life and light.

How everybody loved her!
E'en the men upon the street
Had a word for "Baby Eda"—
She seemed so fair and sweet!

And oh, the wondrous sayings,
So wise and yet so quaint!
Not half their childish beauty
My feeble pen could paint.

Sometimes God in his mercy
Sends a blessing for a while,
That from some poignant sorrow
Our hearts he may beguile.

So, as in health and beauty
She flourished every day,
Another good and noble
Was fading slow away.

And we know no holy angel
Sent from the God above,
Could to a suffering mortal
Lend more of watchful love.

And she must bring the cushion
To put in "Papa's chair;"
And all her little pleasures
With "Papa" she must share.

And early in the morning
When just wakened from his rest,
'Twas "Dood morning darling Papa,"
Ah, the words were doubly blessed.

But at last there came a morning—
'Twas the Heavenly Father's will—
When that darling baby's Papa
In death's arms lay white and still.

Then the baby's heart was broken,
And with lips that quivered so,
Said "He nev'll say dood mornin
To de baby any mo–o."

And when the friends had gathered
To take their last farewell,
Of him whom they had honored
And learned to love so well.

Then just amid the sermon,
When the last sad rite was near—
"Only de Baby's Papa"
Smote upon the startled ear.

And every heart was melted—
'Twould turn a heart of stone
To see that look of anguish,
And hear that mournful tone.

And to think that such an infant
Must learn the depths of woe;
That our darling little Eda
Should mourn and sorrow so.

And oft that dreary winter
To the window she would go,
And ask if "Baby's Papa
Lay neath the cold, cold snow?"

Then we would tell her "Papa,
Though buried from our sight,
Dwelt with the Holy Angels
Amid the realms of light."

"But that if God was willing
And to love Him she would try,
We'd go and live with Papa
Up in Heaven by and by."

And often in the distance
She would gaze with longing eye,
And ask in mournful accents
If it wasn't "by and by?"

Oh, the weary months of winter
When the heart is filled with woe.
Only the heart that sorrows,
Their weariness may know.

And oh, the weary waiting
For the promised "By and By,"
But for darling little Eda
The time was drawing nigh.

One night from out her slumber
Eda wakened with a scream;
"Papa's come to get the Baby!"
People say 'twas but a dream.

And when the startled mother
The child would pacify,
"Papa did come back to baby,
For I see him," was her cry.

And in the early morning
When she'd searched for him in vain,
"Papa did come back to Baby—
Papa's don away adain."

But in the early spring time
When the crocus lifts it head;
And lovely little violets
Wake from their mossy bed;

When the woods resound with gladness
And the hills bright colors show;
We thought that Baby Eda
Would forget to sorrow so.

But neither merry spring time,
Nor summer's brightest day,
Could for that darling Baby
Drive the shadows quite away.

And often on her little hand
She'd lean her head and say,
"Oh, de Baby tannot 'tand it
Anoder single day."

"For de Baby is so-o lonesome,
'Aint it almost by and by?
Baby 'ants to see her papa;"
Then would come the long drawn sigh.

I wonder if lost loved ones
Do sometimes hover near,
And by their unseen presence
Our lonely hearts to cheer.

Or, if God sometimes in visions
To his best beloved will show,
That weal or woe awaits them
That they His will may know.

For one night in early autumn
Eda wakes with beaming eye—
"Papa's come to get de Baby!"
Oh the joy in that glad cry!

Only three weeks of waiting,
And the baby was at rest;
And we know a soul so lovely
God has numbered with the blest.

And when the death damp gathered
Upon that baby's brow;
"Baby's doin' to see her papa;
Don't you cry for baby now."

Oh, those words so softly whispered
Mamma's breaking heart to cheer;
It would seem God's holy spirit
Must be hovering very near.

And we know for Baby Eda
There is now a perfect day;
That the choicest flowers of Heaven
Blossom for her, bright and gay.

And in the arms of Jesus
With her papa safe on high,
Baby Eda knows no sorrow,
'Tis the promised "By and By."

—o—

Restlessness.

For hours and hours I've lain and tossed
Till hope is gone and patience lost!
Oh, why must I this vigil keep,
Why, oh why, can I get no sleep?

My poor limbs ache, and my brain's like lead!
I sometimes think I've a double head!
Quite sure I am that I suffer for two—
Oh dear, dear me, what shall I do?

I've hummed Old Hundred o'er and o'er;
Counted my fingers ten times or more;
But alas! these failed me quite—and then
I told one hundred and back again.

But hark! What ever's that noise below?
It's ghosts—or robbers—or worse I know!
But courage is something that I've no lack—
O-o-h dear how the chills creep up my back!

There now it is gone! I guess after all
It's a cat, or a mouse, or a fly on the wall—
But one thing is certain, some sleep I must get,
Or I shall be nervous and fidgety yet.

———o———

Falling Asleep.

I am floating away into Dreamland;
Away o'er the shadowy seas;
Whilst my weary form is lightly fanned
And kissed by the evening breeze.

And I'm tenderly rocked on the billows
As they sing me a sweet lullaby—
And I nestle my head on the pillows,
And contentedly blissfully sigh.

All things of this earth that are real,
Must, I know for a season, be lost;
Yet relief from their burden, I feel
Will more than balance the cost.

And my sight seemeth dim and uncertain—
A glimmer—a shadow—a sheen—
It's the something that formeth the curtain,
Myself and the unseen between.

And the low distant music and murmur
Of voices, my ears seem to fill;
Like the humming of insects in summer,
When drowsiness conquers the will.

And the air seemeth heavy with sweetness
That is stealing my senses away,
And I yield up my spirit in meekness,
Nor the mesmeric influence stay.

—o—

The Settlers' Home.

A hundred years! As we hear the din
Of the busy world we're moving in,
As we're caught in the crowded bustling throng,
And are borne with the surging tide along—
It seems a vista deep and wide,
The past and present to divide.

But far away o'er that sea of time
There comes to us in a rythmic rhyme,
Echoes of voices soft and low
That tell of the times of long ago.

They tell of a forest, trackless, wide,
Of dangers that crowd on either side;
Where wild beasts lurk with stealthy tread,
Or crouch in branches over head;
Whilst the creaking tree tops saw and sigh,
And sing them a weird lullaby.

No beaten track the traveller sees;
His only guide the blazoned trees;
As he toils his weary way along,
Or joins in merry laugh and song.
Perhaps he wakes the startled deer,
That quickly springs from the thicket near;
The partridge drumming on yonder log,
Or the dismal croak from a distant bog;
A deer pursued by baying hound
May cross his path with a mighty bound,
When the flintlock musket speeds a ball
And the noble creature's doomed to fall;
Then the great white owl in the home-tree nest
Cries who! who! who disturbs my rest?
So, toiling on till the fading light
Foretells the deepening shades of night.

But now, Oh joy to the weary eye!
They catch a glimpse of the sunset sky;

Like boys they laugh and shout and sing
At the sight of a lovely crystal spring;
Then nine strong men draw gravely round
A fire that's built on open ground,
And each with a hungry zest partake
Of their "injun" bread and venison steak;
No feast of kings is half so good
As this humble meal in the lonely wood.

But hark! That cry from a distant hill!
Now their pulses quiver, and throb and thrill!
Ah, listen now! 'tis the answering cry
From the wooded hillside nearer by—
And yet again—now far, now near,—
'Tis the gathering pack whose voice they hear—
Ah, brave stout hearts by the camp fire glow
The meaning of that shrill cry well know.

Beyond the embers burning low
A panther's eyes may gleam and glow;
So a watch is set, and through all the night
A fire's kept burning clear and bright;
And with boundless trust in the God of all
Who keepeth a watch o'er great and small,
The white man rests in the forest wild,
And sleeps the sleep of a little child.

And then in the early morning's beam,
The woodman's ax swift catch the gleam;
And the forest monarchs bow and fall
At the hand of the monarch over all;
'Tis weary toil from day to day,
From early morn till even gray;
Then here and there a clearing stands,
And a cabin raised by sturdy hands.

Time passes by, and we hear the sound
Of a spinning wheel turned swiftly round;
As stepping forward and back again
The good wife spins the fleecy skein;
And we hear the click of the wooden reel
As the yarn is wound from the spinning wheel—
Then the creaking swifts turn slowly round
As the yarn is doubled again, and wound—
And now the wheel is put away,
She'll twist the yarn some other day.

So, singing soft by the firelight's glow
The dear old hymns of long ago,
As the stocking grows from top to heel,
With a wondrous magic swift and real;
And the baby's cradle, rough and quaint,
Creaks back and forth with loud complaint.

The settler's gun hangs o'er the door—
There's bear and venisons a goodly store;
Perhaps the good man's been to-day
To the mill that's many miles away
And the samp that bubbles upon the crane
Has just been ground from the golden grain.

The good man sits in the corner near,
His face aglow with honest cheer;
Or bowed in sober earnest thought
On the works of God as for him they are wrought.

The baby now is sleeping sound
And mother has knit to the seam around;
So now she puts her knitting by
And cuts a venison steak to fry;
And deftly mixes the corn-meal cake
She puts on a board by the fire to bake.

The furnishiugs here are plain and few—
There's a table of pine and a chair or two;
The high post bed in the corner stands,
Made plump and smooth by skillful hands;
The cat sleeps sound on the bear skin rug
Close up by the chimney corner snug—
Old Tige with head stretched on his paws
Seems studying deep on nature's laws

As with comical turn of his soft brown eye,
He watches the sparks up the chimney fly.

The cake on the hearth is turned and browned,
The broiling steak sheds a fragrance round—
The pewter platters burnished bright
Catch an added gleam from the glowing light;
Ah, the joy, the comfort, the cheer, the glow
Of a hickory blaze we ne'er shall know!
And that a little room so rough and bare,
Holds a joy and peace not found elsewhere.

The blessing said and supper begun,
They speak of the work they each have done—
Of the news he's heard in town that day—
Of their neighbors, perhaps ten miles away;
Of the friends they've left in their native town;
Of the beauties of wife's new home-spun gown—
Of the many trials through which they've passed—
When the corn was low and they had to fast;
Of the land that's cleared, of the land that's tilled;
Of the meeting house they hope to build;
Of their joys—their cares—their hopes—their fears,
Of the work to do in after years;
But they never dream that a toil-worn hand
Shall mould the fate of a mighty land;

That an influence true, and deep, and strong,
Shall grow and spread through the years along.
And through all time their names shall stand
The fairest and noblest in all the land.

—— o ——

The Farmer's Wife,
OR
A THOUGHT FOR WOMAN.

She brewed and broiled in the morning;
And scrubbed and scoured and swept
In every nook and corner,
The neatest house ever kept.

She washed all the children's faces
And put up their dinners for school;
Heard Jennie recite all her spelling,
And Katie, that horrid old rule.

Then she tied up their bonnets and aprons
And sent them away for the day;
With a sigh of relief, "She thanked goodness
The children were out of the way!"

Then she fed all the chickens and turkeys,
And the hen that she set yesterday;
And the one she put under a barrel
Because of her obstinate way.

But with never a thought of the beauties
Of that glorious bright summer day,
She hurried back to the kitchen
Where her kettle was boiling away.

Then she ironed and baked until noon-time,
And then there's the dinner to get,
"For men folks are always so hungry
And dinner was never late yet."

And so this woman was busy,
And busy as busy could be,
From five o'clock in the morning
Till the clock on the mantle struck three.

And she thought of the homely old saying
"A woman's work never is done;"
As she took up the basket of mending
That yesterday only begun.

The "men folks" have taken their nooning
In the shade of the wide-spreading trees,
Cracked jokes—talked politics over—
Reclined on the grass at their ease.

And now in the cornfield together
They merrily clatter away;
For cheerful companions in labor
Makes hoeing seem only child's play.

The woman alone in the farmhouse
  Seeks not to be happy and gay,
With only a thought for her labor
  She wearily stitches away.

She knows by the brook in the meadow
  Are beds of the daintiest cress;
That shadows are cool in the orchard—
  And she's "Glad there is one stocking less."

No pleasure, no rest, and no sunshine,
  No food for the soul or the mind—
To give all your life to your labor,
  Oh woman! how foolish and blind!

For it's worry and hurry at morning,
  And worry and hurry at noon;
And her day's work is never accomplished
  For night comes upon her too soon.

The lamp that is ever kept burning
  Soon burns all its fuel away;
The stream that ne'er draws at the fountain
  Soon dries, and is vanished for aye.

Oh woman, take rest from your labor!
  Throw patching and darning away!
Go out in God's beautiful sunshine
  And draw from its life whilst you may.

For there's sunshine along with the shadows
In every land under the sun;
There are joys to be had for the seeking
With every duty that's done.

So whether we plod or we hurry
Along life's wearisome way,
Let us look for the sweetest blossoms
And gather them whilst we may.

Montrose, Pa.,
Independent Republican Print,
1899.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 861 975 1